

Sure Relief



BELL'S
FOR INDIGESTION
25 CENTS
6 BELL'S
Hot Water
Sure Relief
BELL'S
FOR INDIGESTION

**DON'T
DESPAIR**

If you are troubled with pains or
aches; feel tired; have headache,
indigestion, insomnia; painful pas-
sage of urine, you will find relief in

**GOLD MEDAL
MARLENE OIL
CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney,
liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and
National Remedy of Holland since 1895.
Three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed.
Look for the name Gold Medal on every box
and accept no imitation.

**Cuticura Talcum
is Fragrant and
Very Healthful**

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Yankee Understatement.

A paragraph in the Companion about
the mild retort of the man who was
kicked by his horse reminded a sub-
scriber of his grandfather's story of
John Teale. John was a Yankee team-
ster, who was trying one day to get a
log down from the top of the pile. He
tied a rope to the log; then, that he
might stop the log before it rolled too
far, he tied the other end of the rope
around his waist. John pulled; the log
came down and smashed the teamster
halfway down the mountain. Some
weeks later John was able to sit up and
discuss the accident with a sympathet-
ic neighbor.

"Yes, sir," said John, "I hadn't gone
home'n ten red 'fore I see where I'd
missed it!"—Youth's Companion.

Pleasing Father.

An Indianapolis resident, who re-
cently visited his former home in Ken-
tucky hill country, took along the usual
gifts and remembrances for members
of the family. One of these, a dog,
obtained at the city pound, part bull
and with only half a tail, stood out.
"You see, it will please father," he
said. "He has 14 dogs now, but this
one is different. No," he said, "there
is no dog tax in Kentucky."

By Wear.

Dibbs—"That's a worsted suit you're
wearing, isn't it?" Dibbs (fighting
the H. C. L., proudly)—"Badly."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



15c and well worth it
Makes Clothes
Snow White
Little Boy Blue
Never Spots
or Streaks
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

UNCLE SAM

a SCRAP chew
in PLUG form
MOIST & FRESH
Lippitt & Co., Inc., New York

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
For the prompt relief of asthma
and hay fever. Ask your druggist
for it. 25 cents and 50 cents. Write
for FREE SAMPLE. Write to
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

ASTHMA REMEDY

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Keeps it Soft and Shiny
Sells Everywhere

HINDERCORNS

Remove Corns, Calluses, Blisters, etc., without pain or
inconvenience. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
Write to Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

FIREMEN—BRAKEMEN

for an Michigan railroad, \$25-\$250 month
pay, experienced, healthy men accepted.
Write (naming position wanted) Desk K
Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Railroad Recruiting Headquarters

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

It was very well to draw
pictures of him, and sing
songs about him, and make
as though he were an impos-
tor, but I can tell you that
the fear of that man hung
like a black shadow over all
Europe, and that there was a
time when the glint of a fire
at night upon the coast would
set every woman upon her
knees and every man gripping
for his musket.

So begins this thrilling and
important historical romance.
It is thrilling because Sir
Arthur Conan Doyle wrote it.
He has been a successful
author for 33 years. He has
written more than 40 novels,
novellets and plays. Some of
his characters, Sherlock Holmes
and Brigadier Gerard for ex-
ample, will live. "The White
Company" is a classic.

It is important because it is
a story of the latter days of
Napoleon, from the viewpoint
of Scotch villagers who lie un-
der "The Great Shadow."
There are three men and a
woman in the story. Two of
the men die on the field of
Waterloo, the culmination of
the story.

CHAPTER I.

The Night of the Beacons.

It is strange to me, Jack Calder of
West Inch, to feel that though now,
in the very center of the nineteenth
century, I am but five-and-fifty years
of age, and though it is only once a
week, perhaps, that my wife can
pluck out a little gray bristle from
my ear, yet I have lived in a time
when the thoughts and the ways of
men were as different as though it
were another planet from this. For
when I walk in my fields I can see,
down Berwick way, the little fluffs of
white smoke which tell me of this
strange, new, hundred-legged beast
with coals for food and a thousand
men in its belly, forever crawling over
the border. On a shiny day I can see
the glint of the brass work as it takes
the curve near Corrieulm. And then,
as I look out to sea, there is the same
beast again, or a dozen of them, may-
be, leaving a trail of black in the air
and of white in the water, and swim-
ming in the face of the wind as easily
as a salmon upon the Tweed. Such
a sight as that would have struck my
good old father speechless with wrath
as well as surprise, for he was so
stricken with the fear of offending the
Creator that he was chary of contri-
buting Nature, and always held the
new thing to be nearly akin to the
blasphemous. As long as God made
the horse, and a man, down Birmin-
gham way, the engine, my good old dad
would have stuck by the saddle and the
spurs.

When he died we had been fighting
with scarce a break, save for two short
years, for very nearly a quarter of a
century. Babies who were born in the
war grew to be bearded men with ba-
bles of their own, and still the war
continued. Those who had served and
fought in their stalwart prime grew
tired and bent, and yet the ships and
the armies were struggling. During
that long time we fought the Dutch,
we fought the Danes, we fought the
Spaniards, we fought the Turks, we
fought the Americans, we fought the
Montenegrins, until it seemed that in
this universal struggle no race was
too poor of kin or too far away to be
drawn into the quarrel. But most of
all it was the French whom we fought,
and the man whom of all others we
loathed and feared and admired was
the great captain who ruled them.

It was very well to draw pictures of
him, and sing songs about him, and
make as though he were an impostor,
but I can tell you that the fear of that
man hung like a black shadow over
all Europe, and that there was a time
when the glint of a fire at night upon
the coast would set every woman
upon her knees and every man grip-
ping for his musket. He had always
won. That was the terror of it. The
fates seemed to be behind him. And
now we know that he lay upon the
northern coast with a hundred and
fifty thousand veterans, and the boats
for their passage. But it is an old
story how a third of the grown folk
of our country took up arms, and how
our little one-eyed, one-armed man
crushed their fleet. There was still
to be a land of free thinking and free
speaking in Europe.

There was a great beacon ready on
the hill by Tweedmouth, built up of
logs and tar barrels, and I can well
remember how night after night I
strained my eyes to see if it were
ablaze. I was only eight at the time,
but it is an age when one takes a
grief to heart, and I felt as though
the fate of the country hung in some
fashion upon me and my vigilance.
And then one night as I looked I sud-
denly saw a little flicker on the bea-

con hill—a single red tongue of flame
in the darkness. And then the flame
shot higher, and I saw the red, quiv-
ering line upon the water beyond, and
I dashed into the kitchen, screaming
to my father that the French had
crossed and the Tweedmouth light was
afire. I can see him now as he
knocked his pipe out at the side of the
fire, and looked at me from over the
top of his horn spectacles.

"Are you sure, Jack?" says he.

"Sure as death," I gasped.

He reached out his hand for the
Bible upon the table and opened it
upon his knee as though he meant to
read to us, but he shut it again in
silence and hurried out. We went
down to the gate which opens out
upon the highway. From there we
could see the red light of the big bea-
con, and the glimmer of a smaller one
to the north of us at Ayton. The old
road had more folk on it than ever
passed along it at night before, for
many of the yomen up our way had
enrolled themselves and were riding
now as fast as hoof could carry them
for the muster. Some had a stirrup cup
or two before parting, and I cannot
forget one who rode past on a huge
white horse, brandishing a great rusty
sword in the moonlight. They shouted
to us, as they passed, that the North
Berwick law-fire was blazing, and that
it was thought that the alarm had
come from Edinburgh castle. There
were a few who galloped the other
way, couriers for Edinburgh, and the
laird's son and Master Clayton, the
deputy sheriff, and such like.

But early in the morning we had our
minds set at ease. It was gray and
cold, and my mother had gone up to
the house to make a pot of tea for
us, when there came a gig down the
road with Doctor Horscroft of Ayton
in it and his son Jim. The collar of
the doctor's coat came over his ears,
and he looked in a deadly black hu-
mor, for Jim, who was but fifteen
years of age, had trooped off to Ber-
wick at the first alarm with his fa-
ther's new fowling piece. All night
his dad had chased him, and now there
he was, a prisoner, with the barrel of
the stolen gun sticking out from be-
hind the seat. He looked as sulky as
his father, with his hands thrust into
his side pockets, his brows drawn
down, and his lower lip thrust out.

"It's all a lie," shouted the doctor,
as he passed. "There has been no
landing, and all the fools in Scotland
have been gadding about the roads for
nothing." His son Jim snarled some-
thing up at him on this, and his father
struck him a blow with his clenched
fist on the side of the head, which
brought the boy's chin forward upon his
breast as though he had been stunned.
Now all this has little enough to do
with what I took my pen up to tell
about; but when a man has a good
memory and little skill he cannot
draw one thought from his mind with-
out a dozen others trailing out behind
it. And yet, now that I come to think
of it, this had something to do with it
after all; for Jim Horscroft had so
deadly a quarrel with his father that
he was packed off to Birtwhistle's
Berwick academy; and as my father
took advantage of this chance to send
me also.

There was from the first a great
friendship between Jim Horscroft, the
doctor's son, and me. He was cock
boy of the school from the day he
came, for within the hour he had
thrown Barton, who had been cock
before him, right through the big black-
board in the classroom. Jim always
ran to muscle and bone, and even then
he was square and tall, short of speech
and long of arm, much given to loung-
ing with his broad back against walls,
and his hands deep in his breeches
pockets. I can even recall that he had
a trick of keeping a straw in the cor-
ner of his mouth, just where he used
afterward to hold his pipe. Jim was
always the same, for good and for bad,
since first I knew him.

Heavens! How we all looked up to
him! We were but young savages,
and had a savage's respect for power.
What tales we used to whisper about
his strength; how he put his fist
through the oak panel of the game-
room door. How when Long Merri-
dew was carrying the ball, he caught
up Merri-dew, ball and all, and ran
swiftly past every opponent to the
goal. It did not seem fit to us that
such a one as he should trouble his
head about sponges and dactyls, or
care to know of o signed the Magna
Charta. When he said in open class
that King Alfred was the man, we
little boys all felt that very likely it
was so, and that perhaps Jim knew
more about it than the man who wrote
the book.

For two years we were close friends,
for all the gap that the years had
made between us, and, though in pas-
sion or in want of thought he did
many a thing that galled me, yet I
loved him like a brother, and wept as
much as would have filled an ink
bottle when at last, after two years,
he went off to Edinburgh to study his
father's profession. Five years after
that did I hide at Birtwhistle's, and
when I left I had become cock myself,
for I was as wiry and as tough as
whalebone, though I never ran to
weight and stow, like my great prede-

cessor. It was in jubilee year that I
left Birtwhistle's, and then for three
years I stayed at home, learning the
ways of the cattle; but still the ships
and the armies were wrestling, and
still the great shadow of Bonaparte
lay across the country.

How could I guess that I, too,
should have a hand in lifting that
shadow forever from our people?

CHAPTER II.

Cousin Edie of Eyemouth.

Some years before, when I was still
but a lad, there had come over to us
upon a five weeks' visit the only
daughter of my father's brother. Wil-
lie Calder had settled at Eyemouth
as a maker of fishing nets, and he had
made more out of twice than ever we
were like to do out of the whin bushes
and sand links of West Inch. So his
daughter, Edie Calder, came over with
a braw red frock and a five-shilling
bonnet and a kist full of things that
brought my dear mother's eyes out
like a parter's.

I took no great stock of girls at
that time, for it was hard for me to
see what they had been made for.
There were none of us at Birtwhistle's
that thought very much of them; but
the smallest laddies seemed to have
the most sense, for, after they began
to grow bigger they were not so sure
about it. We little ones were all of
one mind that a creature that couldn't
fight and was carrying tales, and
couldn't so much as shy a stone with-
out flapping its arm like a rag in the
wind was no use for anything.

So when this one came to the stead-
ing at West Inch I was not best
pleased to see her. I was twelve at
the time (it was in the holidays) and
she eleven, a thin, tallish girl, with
black eyes and the queerest ways. She
was forever staring out in front of
her, with her lips parted as if she saw
something wonderful; but when I
came behind her and looked the same
way I could see nothing but the
sheep's trough or the midden or fa-
ther's breeches hanging on a clothes-
line. And then if she saw a lump of
heather or bracken, or any common
stuff of that sort, she would mope
over it as if it had struck her sick, and
cry, "How sweet! how perfect!" Just
as though it had been a painted pic-
ture. When I used to tell her that
she was good for nothing, and that her
father was a fool to bring her up like
that, she would begin to cry, and say
that I was a rude boy, and that she
would go home that very night, and
never forgive me as long as she lived.
But in five minutes she had forgotten
all about it. What was strange was
that she liked me a deal better than I
did her, and she would never leave
me alone, but she was always watch-
ing me and running after me, and
then saying, "Oh, here you are!" as
if it were a surprise.

Jim Horscroft was away when
Cousin Edie was with us, but he came
back the very week she went, and I
mind how surprised I was that he
should ask any questions or take any
interest in a mere lassie. He asked
me if she were pretty; and when I
said that I hadn't noticed he laughed
and called me a mole, and said my
eyes would be opened some day. But
very soon he came to be interested in
something else, and I never gave Edie
another thought until one day she just
took my life in her hands and twisted
it as I could twist this quill.

That was in 1813, after I had left
school, when I was already eighteen
years of age, with a good forty hairs
on my upper lip and every hope of
more. I had changed since I left
school, and was not so keen on games
as I had been, but found myself in-
stead lying about on the sunny side
of the braes, with my own lips parted
and my eyes staring just the same as
Cousin Edie's used to do. It had sat-
isfied me, and filled my whole life, that
I could run faster and jump higher
than my neighbor, but now all that
seemed such a little thing, and I yearned
and looked up at the big arching
sky and down at the flat blue sea,
and felt that there was something
wanting, but could never lay my
tongue to what that something was.
And I became quick of temper, too,
for my nerves seemed all of a fret;
and when my mother would ask me
what ailed me, or my father would
speak of my turning my hand to work,
I would break into such sharp, bitter
answers as I have often grieved over
since. Ah, a man may have more than
one wife, and more than one child,
and more than one friend, but he can
never have but one mother, so let him
cherish her while he may.

How the Queen of West Inch
arrives in black.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

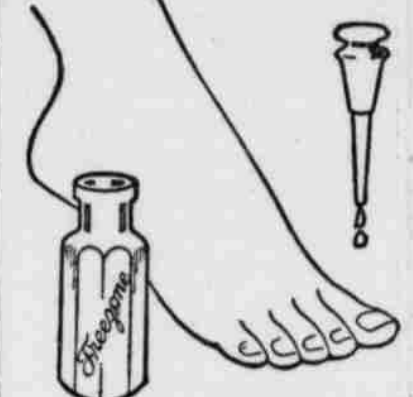
Drink Water When Tired.
Dr. Eliza B. Mosher of Brooklyn
urged the members of the Women's
Medical Society of New York state to
drink a glass of water at 10 a. m. and
others at 3, 4 and 5 p. m. This, she
told them, would dilute the products
of fatigue which were entering the
blood and causing that tired feeling.

SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't streak or ruin your material in a
poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes."
Easy directions in package.

"FREEZONE"

Lift Off Corns! No Pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little
"Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly
that corn stops hurting, then shortly
you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of
"Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to
remove every hard corn, soft corn, or
corn between the toes, and the calluses,
without soreness or irritation.

Prolific Writers.

"The Bibles are quite a literary
family, I understand."

"Decidedly. Mrs. Bibles writes verse
and club papers. Evangeline Bibles is
'doing' short stories and Augustus Bibles
is trying his hand at scenarios."

"What does Papa Bibles write?"

"When the monthly bills come in he
sits down and writes a high cost of liv-
ing letter to the editor of his favorite
newspaper which is a masterpiece of
sarcasm, invective and grim irony."—
Birmingham Age-Herald.

Puts I Will In You Easy to Get Strong

Everyone wants more pep and sur-
e needs it this hot weather. Hot
weather takes away the appetite and
makes one feel listless, lifeless, miser-
able, even when you have a strong
stomach, but for those who have weak
stomachs, it is really a dangerous,
trying time.

Be on the safe side this kind of
weather and help nature all you can,
by taking an eatonic tablet about half
an hour before you eat and one or
two an hour after you eat; it will be
of wonderful benefit. Eatonic sim-
ply takes up the excess acids, poisons
and gases, and carries them right out
of the body. With the cause of the
trouble removed, of course you will
feel fit and fine—full of pep all the
time. Eatonic will cool feverish mouth
and stomach and give you a good
appetite, even in hot weather.

Get a big box at your druggist's
for a trifling cost and let eatonic
help you for a few days; then you
will never be without it. Adv.

Pampered Individual.

"What is Doblay's income?"

"I don't know; probably about a third
of what he spends every year."

"How long can a man keep up that
sort of thing?"

"In Doblay's case he can keep it up
as long as his rich wife thinks he's too
precious to work."—Birmingham Age-
Herald.

Some men don't want to talk about
justice after they get it.

Two heads of a family are not neces-
sarily better than one.

OATS BEST CROP

Statistics Show Advantages
Over Corn Growing.

On Comparatively Cheap Land in
Western Canada Farmers Get Re-
cord Yields—Cost Per Acre Much
Less Than Corn.

How much more does it cost to
grow an acre of corn than to grow an
acre of oats? To get a proper com-
parison it is necessary to take an il-
lustration from a farm on which both
crops are grown successfully. An ex-
ample has just been brought to the
writer's attention of the comparative
cost of growing corn and oats on a
Minnesota farm. It is furnished by
Albert Inner, a well-known farmer in
Cottonwood county, Minn., in an ar-
ticle which appeared in the Cotton-
wood Citizen.

Mr. Inner says: "I had a curiosity
to know how much it would cost to
raise an acre of oats and corn. To
find out I kept account, during the
year, of the time required and the
cash expended to grow the above men-
tioned crops." His figures show that
it cost him \$31.49 to grow an acre of
corn and \$18.13 to grow an acre of
oats, or a difference of \$13.00 an acre
in favor of oats.

Provided the respective crop yields
are not altogether out of proportion to
the cost of growing the crop, this
seems to be a good argument in favor
of growing oats. But to grow oats
successfully it is not necessary to use
\$150 or \$200 land. In western Canada
some of the best oat-growing land in
the world can be bought for about \$20
an acre. On this land good yields and
a high quality of grain is obtainable.

Fifty to sixty bushels to the acre
in properly prepared land is a fair
average yield for oats in western Can-
ada in a normal season but yields of
up to 100 bushels, and even more, to
the acre have been frequent in good
years. The quality of oats grown in
western Canada is attested by the fact
that at all the international exhibi-
tions for many years past oats grown
in western Canada have been award-
ed the leading prizes. There is no
record on oats grown in western Canada
that have weighed as much as 48
pounds to the measured bushel, and
the Dominion grain inspector is author-
ity for the statement that 85 per cent
of the oats examined by him in west-
ern Canada weigh more than 42
pounds to the measured bushel. The
standard weight for a bushel of oats
is 34 pounds.

Samples of these oats weighing up-
ward of 45 pounds to the bushel are
on exhibition at the Canadian govern-
ment information bureau, located in
various cities in the United States.—
Advertisement.

Was It Lauder?

"I hear that Harry has quit playing
golf," remarked one crony to another
at the first tee.

"You don't tell me? Not the Scotch-
man who has been a golfer for 40
years?"

"Yep, that's the chap."

"What's the matter? Is he crippled?"

"Oh, no; he lost his golf ball."

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot soda
of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in
Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus
Ointment with tissue paper. This is
only one of the things Cuticura will do
if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used
for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

A Practical Girl.

"I offered to marry him on condi-
tion."

"That your father consents?"

"No, that Harold finds a flat."

DEPENDENT UPON IT 20 YEARS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound Has Been
This Woman's Safeguard
All That Time.

Omaha, Neb.—"I have used Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for over
twenty years for female troubles and it
has helped me very much. I have also
used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sana-
tive Wash with good re-
sults. I always have a bottle of Vegetable
Compound in the house as it is a good
remedy in time of need. You can
publish my testi-
monial as every statement I have
made is perfectly true."—Mrs. J. O.
ELMQUIST, 2424 S. 20th Street, Omaha,
Nebraska.



Women who suffer from those dis-
tressing ills peculiar to their sex should
be convinced by the many genuine and
truthful testimonials we are constantly
publishing in the newspapers of the
ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound to restore their health.
To know whether Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound will help you, try
it! For advice write to Lydia E. Pink-
ham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn,
Mass. Your letter will be opened, read
and answered by a woman, and held in
strict confidence.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

Just think, a 3c box of P. D. Q. (Pesky
Devils Queller), makes a quart, enough to
kill a million bedbugs, roaches, fleas or
cotes and stops future generations by
killing the eggs and does not injure the
clothing.

Liquid fire to the bedbugs is what P.
D. Q. is like; bedbugs stand as good
chance as a snowball in a justly famed
heat resort. Patent spout free in every
package of P. D. Q. to enable you to kill
them and their eggs in the cracks.
Your druggist has it or he can get it
for you, or sent prepaid on receipt of
price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre
Haute, Indiana.

Artificial Legs, Arms

Deformity Braces and Trusses

Stump Socks, Arch Supports, Braces
of all kinds, Foot Extensions, Elastic
Stockings and Abdominal Supports
made to order. Phone Cadillac 2972.

JOHANNESSEN & ROOF CO.

Expert Mfrs.

104 Adams W., Cor. Cass St., DETROIT, MICH.

Automobile—Truck—Tractor

RADIATORS

Repaired—Rebuilt

Prices Reasonable

Highest Quality Service

RESCH RADIATOR CO.

337 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Beautiful Women

of Society, during the past
seventy years have relied
upon it for their distin-
guished appearance. The
soft, refined, pearly
white complexion it
renders instantly, is
always the source of
flattering comment.

Gouraud's

Oriental Cream

Prepared by Dr. H. Gouraud, Paris, France.
Sole U.S. Agent, Dr. C. H. Barry,
227 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.